

1989

Moving Day

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MOVING DAY

A moving truck in the driveway,
Tables, chairs, and lamps scattered across the lawn.
Three large men carry furniture
While the driver drinks coffee and reads comics.

The movers' voices echo through my room
Its walls a light blue sea
Disturbed by several tack holes
And shadows where pictures and posters hung.
Furniture scuff marks on the floor.
My bed had rested under the window
Its etched patterns cast shadows.
The morning light would wake my brother
Who turned seven last month.
A small cobweb hid in the corner;
Book shelves stood there full of memories:
An autographed world series baseball
A shop class race car
A league champs bowling trophy
Car books with torn edges
A Japanese Pepsi can
From Laura's vacation.
An oak dresser had snuggled against the bed
Digital alarm clock radio on top
That never could wake me.
The mahogany clock,
A five week project in shop class,
Covered the hole in the wall.

A crack remains above the door:
Mother sent me to my room that day.
the closet hides behind the door
a great vault of memories.
Old toys neatly stacked on the floor:
A matchbox car collection
A grass-stained whiffle ball bat
Half-finished coloring books
A carton of broken crayons
A box of tinkertoys that built almost anything
A can of playdough speckled with green mold
A pale pink seashell
From Grandpa Joe's trip to Florida.

I watch from my window
The three men wake the driver
Who had fallen asleep while reading the sports section.
The movers lock the truck,
It is time to say goodbye.

John Giles